

SIX-GUN HEROES

SIX GUN HEROES

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

No 41

ALL
NEW
OFFICIAL
TV
SHOW

Jingles

AND

Wild Bill Dickok

10¢

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION



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MAY 1967

SIX-GUN HEROES



THIS SEAL OF APPROVAL APPEARS ONLY ON COMIC MAGAZINES WHICH HAVE BEEN CAREFULLY REVIEWED, PRIOR TO PUBLICATION, BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY, AND FOUND TO HAVE MET THE HIGH STANDARDS OF MORALITY AND GOOD TASTE REQUIRED BY THE CODE. THE CODE AUTHORITY OPERATES APART FROM ANY INDIVIDUAL PUBLISHER AND EXERCISES INDEPENDENT JUDGMENT WITH RESPECT TO CODE-COMPLIANCE. A COMIC MAGAZINE BEARING ITS SEAL IS YOUR ASSURANCE OF GOOD READING AND PICTORIAL MATTER.

Alfred P. Lopez Executive Editor

Jingles in The **EVIL EMPIRE** AND **Wild Bill Hickok**

THE BASIN, AS IT WAS CALLED, HAD SHELTERED INDIAN TRIBES, AND THEN THE OUTLAWS CAME -- AND THE LAST AND STRONGEST TO TAKE TITLE WAS OLD CAPTAIN DEKKER. HE RULED WITH A BENEVOLENT BUT STRONG HAND, UNTIL A HALF-BROKEN HORSE AND OLD AGE PUT HIM IN A WHEEL CHAIR. HIS SUCCESSOR, CAL DEKKER, RULED DIFFERENTLY...



THE FIGHTING MARSHAL AND JINGLES HAD JUST FINISHED BREAKFAST IN A TOWN NOT FAR FROM THE BASIN WHEN THEY FIRST HEARD OF TROUBLE THERE...

HELLO, MOOSE! RUN INTO A DOOR, I SUPPOSE.

I WANT TO TALK TO YUH, BILL!



...SO I WORE THIS BADGE UNTIL THIS DEKKER STEP-SON HIT TOWN! HE PUT IN HIS OWN MEN AND TOLD ME TO GET OUT OF TOWN! HE'S SQUEEZIN' EVERY ONE FOR EVERY NICKEL HE CAN!

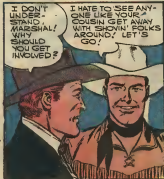
EXCUSE ME -- DID YOU SAY CAL DEKKER?



SIX-GUN HEROES



THE STORIES TOLD BY MOOSE BAGLEY AND YOUNG DEKKER ANGERED WILD BILL! HE TOLD JINGLES TO GET THEIR HORSES...



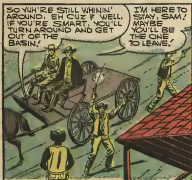
SIX-GUN HEROES

DEKKERVILLE WAS A SMALL BUT PROSPEROUS LITTLE TOWN AT THE NECK OF THE GAP... USUALLY PEACEFUL EXCEPT WHEN THE IMPORTED GUN-SUCKS HIT TOWN



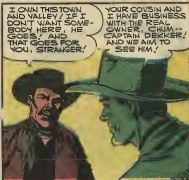
CAN'T YOU STOP THEM, MISTER DEKKER?

IT'S PAYDAY! THEY'RE JUST WORKING OFF A LITTLE STEAM!



SO YUH'RE STILL WHININ' AROUND. EH CUZ F WELL, IF YOU'RE SMART, YOU'LL TURN AROUND AND GET OUT OF THE BASIN!

I'M HERE TO STAY, SAM! MAYBE YOU'LL BE THE ONE TO LEAVE!



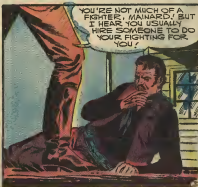
I OWN THIS TOWN AND VALLEY! IF I DON'T WANT SOMEBODY HERE, HE GOES! AND THAT GOES FOR YOU, STRANGER!

YOUR COUSIN AND I HAVE BUSINESS WITH THE REAL OWNER, CHUM-- CAPTAIN DEKKER! AND WE AIM TO SEE HIM!



YOU ASKED FOR... OOOOF!

DON'T GET ITCHY-FINGERED, CHUM! LET THAT WIND-BAG TAKE HIS BEATING!



YOU'RE NOT MUCH OF A FIGHTER, MAINARD! BUT I HEAR YOU USUALLY HIRE SOMEONE TO DO YOUR FIGHTING FOR YOU!

SIX-GUN HEROES

YOU DID WANT A LOT OF US WANTED TO GO, STRANGER! ONLY THING IS, HE'S CAPTAIN DEKKER'S NEPHEW! IF HE WASN'T, WE'D CHASE HIM FAST!

TELL YOUR FRIENDS TO STICK AROUND! THERE MIGHT BE THE KIND OF ACTION THEY'D LIKE!



THE FIGHTING MARSHAL KNEW THE RUTHLESS FORMAN OF THE BASIN WOULDN'T LET THEM REACH THE RANCH, SO...

WE'LL BE NEAR YOU BUT YOU WON'T SEE US, CAL! THERE'LL BE A FEW SURPRISES FOR MAINARD'S KILLERS!



THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU GO, DUDE! THE BOSS...

YUH GOT A NEW BOSS, DROP YORE GUN AN' HEAD FOR TOWN!



THE ROAD TO CAPTAIN DEKKER'S RANCH WAS WELL-GUARDED. BUT WILD BILL AND JINGLES CHANGED THAT...



I HEARD A SHOT! DID ANYTHING HAPPEN?

NOPE -- AND NOTHIN' WILL! WE'RE TOO CLOSE TO THE RANCH HOUSE! YOUR COUSIN VON'T PULL ANYTHING WHERE HE CAN SEE IT!

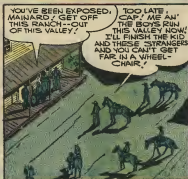
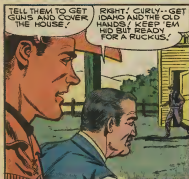


WHO'S THAT? FACE LOOKS MIGHTY FAMILIAR...IT--IT CAN'T BE YOUNG CAL!

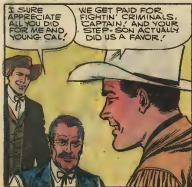
THE REAL ONE THIS TIME, SIR! I'D HAVE BEEN HERE SOONER BUT I WAS... SICK!



SIX-GUN HEROES



SIX-GUN HEROES



Jingles

AND
**Wild Bill
Nickok**

SIX-GUN HEROES

7

in **EVEN JAIL
AIN'T SAFE**

THIS DUDE KELLY ALWAYS SAID, HE COULDN'T HELP IT IF THE LADIES LIKED HIM... SO IT WASN'T HIS FAULT WHEN THE TOWN BEAUTY WENT FOR HIM HOOK, LINE, AND SINKER THAT SOUNDED LOGICAL -- BUT DUDE'S FIANCEE, KATE O'SHEA, WAS IN NO MOOD FOR LOGIC WHEN SHE SAW THE BLONDE HANGING ON TO HER MAN, AND JINGLES WAS HELPLESS WHEN HE WAS CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE!

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF HIM, IRISH! HE'S MINE!

I AIN'T GONNA BE NOBODY'S IF YOU LADIES DON'T TURN ME LOOSE! WHY DON'T YUH GO BACK TUH CHASIN' DUDE KELLY?

DON'T BUTT IN, DARLIN! IT'S BETWEEN US GIRLS!



JINGLES WASN'T LOOKING FOR TROUBLE THE DAY IT ALL STARTED! A BANK ROBBERY OR A GUN-FIGHT WITH BADMEN WOULD'VE BEEN ALL RIGHT... BUT WHAT HAPPENED AFTER HE SAW THE REDHEAD WAVING TWIN SIXGUNS WAS BEYOND THE LINE OF DUTY...

LET ME AT THEM! I'LL TEACH HER TO STEAL MY MAN!

HOLD ON, MISS KATE! YO'RE LIABLE TUH HURT SOMEONE WITH THEM GUNS!

THERE YOU ARE, HONEY-CHILE! NOT A BIT OF MUD ON YOUR TINY FEET!

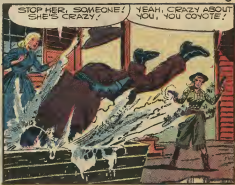


SIX-GUN HEROES

6



YOU CAN'T STOP ME, JINGLES! I'M GONNA TEACH THEM BOTH A LESSON!



STOP HER, SOMEONE! SHE'S CRAZY!

YEAH, CRAZY ABOUT YOU, YOU COYOTE!

JINGLES TRIED TO STOP KATE BUT HER IRISH WAS UP! EVEN HONEY-CHILE DIDN'T PUT UP AN ARGUMENT...



N-NOW, MISS KATE, YOU'RE D-DISTURBIN' THE PEACE...



...THE FUN'S OVER, MISS KATE! NOW CALM DOWN!

I WILL NOT! I'M GOING TO BUY MORE SHELLS AND DO IT AGAIN!

JINGLES SHIVERED AT THE THOUGHT OF GOING THROUGH THAT AGAIN! THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO...



NOW QUIET DOWN! I CAN CHARGE YOU WITH A DOZEN CRIMES IF YUH DON'T!

START CHARGING THEN, JINGLES! I'M NOT SO MAD ON ACCOUNT O' DUDE, IT'S JUST THE NERVE OF THAT BLONDE TRYIN' TUH TAKE HIM AWAY FROM ME!



AND THIS IS FOR TAKIN' THE BLONDE'S SIDE IN THE RUMPUS...

YEEOW! LEGGO! I'LL BE ON YOUR SIDE FROM NOW ON!

SIX-GUN HEROES

JINGLES STAGGERED TO HIS OFFICE, GLAD TO BE AWAY FROM THE EXPLOSIVE REDHEAD, WHEN...



SIX-GUN HEROES

IT WAS CLOSE AND JINGLES DIDN'T GET AWAY UN-MARKED-- BUT HE FINALLY WAS LOCKED SAFELY INSIDE HIS OWN JAIL AGAIN...



AN HOUR LATER...

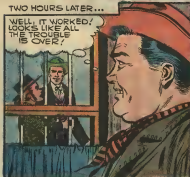
HEY, MISS KATE, HOW ABOUT THE DANCE NEXT FRIDAY? LOOK'S LIKE THE TROUBLE IS OVER! HONEYCHILE HAS A NEW FELLA!

YOU MEAN SHE HAD? WAIT'LL HE SEES ME!



TWO HOURS LATER...

WELL, IT WORKED! LOOKS LIKE ALL THE TROUBLE IS OVER!



FRIDAY NIGHT--THE NIGHT OF THE DANCE. JINGLES WAS THERE IN AN OFFICIAL CAPACITY--MAINLY BECAUSE HE DIDN'T HAVE A GIRL...

WHAT! I THOUGHT I GOT YOUR FELLOW!

LOOKS LIKE THE LAUGH IS ON US, KATE! THEY'RE TWINS!



YEP, NOT EVEN MA COULD TELL US APART! YOU GIRLS ARE GONNA HAVE A TIME TRYIN'!

OH, NO, WE'RE NOT! I'M NOT GOIN' TO BUCK A STACKED DECK! HEY, JINGLES!



THIS IS WHERE I CAME IN!

DON'T BE MEAN, DARLIN', I JUST WANT TO TALK!

STOP CALLIN' HONEYCHILE DARLIN'! WAIT FOR MS. HONEYCHILE!



Jingles

SIX-GUN HEROES

AND Wild Bill Hickok

FOOL'S GOLD

AS JINGLES EXPLAINED TO THE GULLIBLE VISITOR -- IT LOOKED LIKE GOLD, FELT LIKE GOLD, SMELLED LIKE GOLD -- BUT IT WAS IRON PYRITE, OR FOOL'S GOLD. THAT'S HOW JINGLES EXPLAINED IT -- HE DIDN'T LEARN UNTIL LATER, THAT IT WAS REAL. THEN HE DID SOMETHING ABOUT IT.

WE KNOW YUH FOUND GOLD, MISTER! WE SAW THE ORE SAMPLE, TELL US WHERE IT IS!

WHY DON'T YUH FELLERS GET A SHOVEL AN' DIG YORESSELVES? I FEEL SO BAD NOW, A COUPLE OF BULLETS WON'T MAKE ME FEEL WORSE!

NEVER MIND THE CHATTER, JINGLES! KEEP DIGGIN'! PRETTY SOON YUH'LL BE LIKE ME, HEE, HEE!



EVERYONE KNEW ABOUT OLD JEFF... SAID HE SPENT TOO MUCH TIME IN THE SUN WITHOUT HIS HAT! HE ALWAYS HAD A STORY ABOUT THE STRIKE HE JUST MADE...

EVER SEE GOLD LIKE THIS, MISTER? I FOUND IT ON AN CLAIM, TONS OF IT! HEE, HEE! I'M RICH -- RICH!



PAY NO ATTENTION, MISTER! OL' JEFF IS HARMLESS IF YOU KNOW HIM! THIS HERE IS WHAT THEY CALL FOOL'S GOLD! IRON PYRITES!

DANG IT, JINGLES, YOU'RE ALLUS SPOILIN' MY FUN! THAT'S REAL GOLD THIS TIME, 'THOUGH!



SIX-GUN HEROES



SIX-GUN HEROES



I DIDN'T HIT NONE OF THAT SHINY STUFF YET! HOW DEEP DO I HAVE TUH DIG?

RIGHT DEEP, JINGLES! A FELLER SHORE GITTS THIRSTY DIGGIN' ON A HOT DAY LIKE THIS!



AS THE HOLE GOT DEEPER, THE SUN GOT HOTTER... BUT JINGLES WAS DETERMINED TO FIND GOLD...

HEY, YOU DOWN THERE, ARE YOU OL' JEFF?

YUH DON'T SEE ME TRIPPIN' OVER MY WHISKERS, MISTER! HE'S OVER AT THE NEXT CLAIM!



WAIT A MINUTE, GIVE ME A HAND WHILE I CLIMB OUTA HERE!

SEW WHERE YUH ARE--IT'S GONNA BE HEALTHIER THERE!



HE LOOKED LIKE A CROOK THE MINUTE I SET EYES ON 'IM! I'LL SNEAK UP THERE!



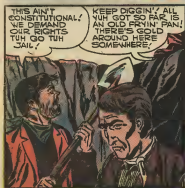
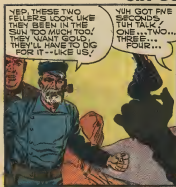
WHAT TH...



I'LL SHOW YUH HOW WE TREAT CLAIM-JUMPERS... OH, MIYA!

GET UP, MISTER! TELL US WHERE YUH AN' THE OLD MAN GOT THE GOLD HID OR WE START SHOOTIN'!

SIX-GUN HEROES



He Got His Man

The stage from Wilton Falls was a day late in arriving at its destination. A group of citizens were in front of Jim Caraway's Hardware store as the stage was spotted in the distance.

"There she's a-coming," shouted Jeff Harper. "With my brother Bill driving, you can bet the stage will outrun anything."

Bill Harper brought the stage to a stop five minutes later, to its usual destination in front of the Hardware store.

"What delayed you, Bill?" asked Jeff as he helped his brother down from the boot of the stage. "The bridge go under at the river crossing?"

"No," replied Bill Harper. "A group of redskins under Chief Long Feather stopped us. Seems they knew who my passenger was. Insisted we visit their village. Had a big feast for us. They even sent an escort to see we got here safely. Left us on the road about ten miles from town."

A big husky man wearing the star of his office pushed himself right through the crowd. He was followed by his deputy. The door of the stage opened and a small thin man wearing a long black coat, a derby hat, and striped trousers stepped down.

"Sheriff Dave Morgan at your service," announced the representative of the law in Parkersville. "Suppose we go to my office. My deputy, Lou Hinck will take your baggage."

Folks knew who the lone passenger in the stage was. The fame of Allan Linkerton, the private detective, was nation wide. He followed the sheriff into the office and then sat down.

"When Chief Long Feather tries to stop the stage, there is usually some gun play," commented

the sheriff, "Why the royal reception for you?"

"About five years ago," explained Allan Linkerton, "A group of swindlers tried to get some land that belonged to the chief in Nevada. I was called in by the federal authorities to investigate the matter. As a result, the swindlers landed behind bars in the federal penitentiary. And I became an honorary member of the tribe."

"Is there anything I can do to help you while you are here?" asked the sheriff. "Your letter did not state the nature of the case on which you are working."

"That will have to be my secret," smiled the detective. He reached inside his coat pocket and handed the sheriff a document.

"I have legal authority given me by the governor of this state to act as a special ranger. That means I can make an arrest on my own account should the situation arise. If I need help, I'll call upon you. At present, I need the best boarding house in town. And a livery stable where I can rent a horse."

"The Widow Perkins runs the best table," interrupted the deputy. "And Slim Gettles will rent you the horse. I'll take your stuff for you to the Widow Perkins place."

The detective followed the deputy out of the office and south along the town's one and only half paved street. His eyes gazed upon the muddy

"What do you do out here when it rains?" he asked.

"Just let it rain," grinned the deputy. "Maybe you can figure out something better."

By evening the entire town knew of the arrival of Allan Linkerton. The detective slept well and

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5 The above mentioned

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than that of a book like *Woman*

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2004.1

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NORTON M. LATHEY, Editor

A. Hoad (Chicago Public)

RECEIVED
JAN 11 1966

the next morning went to Slim Gettles' livery stable.

"I want a horse for a week or so," he informed the proprietor.

"Pepper is your horse," was the reply. "I'll saddle him up for you at once. Any special place you want to go?"

"I'll tell Pepper where I'm going was the reply."

The detective rode slowly, aware that many eyes were focused upon him. Soon he was out of town. He held the reins in his left hand. He walked the horse for about half a mile and then broke out into a gallop. Then he slowed the horse down again. Suddenly the horse stopped. The sun from above betrayed the hidden rifle barrel. There was but one shot and it missed. Allan quickly unholstered his six gun and fired. Then he rode his horse off the road and found himself facing a wounded man.

"You tried to kill me," he said calmly. "I see I wounded you. Suppose we go quietly to the sheriff's office."

"They sent you here to get me. Thought I would get you first."

By noon the entire story had become public property. John Durkes had confessed to robbing a stage. He had waited for the detective in ambush. The story had been put down in a confession.

"Now you got your man complimented the sheriff. "I guess you will leave for the East."

"A guilty conscience can make any man betray himself," alleged Allan Linkerton. "John Durkes is not the man for whom I am looking."

The next three days the detective visited various places in town. It was evident to all that Bob Vincent the gambler was annoyed every time he saw the detective.

"He got his man. What's keeping him in town?" he would repeat. Then on a Thursday night the dramatic event took place in the Big Chance Casino. Gambling was legal in town and a group of men were playing cards with Bob Vincent. The gambler was certainly out of form as he consistently lost money. Finally he threw his cards down on the table and walked over to the detective.

"How much longer are you going to keep up this game of cat and mouse with me? I'm no fool as to why you are here. I haven't been able to sleep at night. Sure, I killed that Potter fellow in the fight at Haines City. You can arrest me now. I'll take my medicine."

The jail door was now closed on the second prisoner. Sheriff Dave Morgan was standing outside with the detective.

"According to the statement given to me by Bob Vincent he fired in self defense. He will go back to Haines City and stand trial. I didn't know you were looking for him. When are you going back East?"

"Not yet," was the unexpected reply. "I wasn't looking for the gambler. Just shows you what a guilty conscience can do."

For the next week the detective rode around the country side. He visited the different ranches and spoke to their owners. Then on a Tuesday morning, Walter O'Reilly, owner of the Bar-X outfit, came into town. With him was one of his cowhands. They headed for the sheriff's office.

"We want to see that detective," announced Walter O'Reilly. "We'll wait here till you get him."

The deputy went over to the Widow Perkins place and returned with Allan Linkerton.

"Tom Dolph has been working for me for about five months," said the owner of the Bar-X outfit. He has something to say.

"I'll tell how the rustlers got me to do their dirty work," announced Tom Dolph. "They're scared of that detective. The way he rides around and says nothing. I'm scared too."

An hour later the sheriff was in possession of a complete statement of how the rustlers had been operating. And within twenty-four hours the entire gang was behind bars.

"Never figured that the cattle men's association had hired you to come here and clean out the place," conceded the sheriff. "You fooled me."

"I fooled nobody," snapped back Allan Linkerton. "Perhaps if I remained here a month more guilty consciences would be showing up. I probably will leave at the end of the week."

The sheriff's wife had baked a big apple pie for the detective. He had been invited over for a farewell meal. After supper he sat in a rocking chair at the side of a small table. He took from the table a large well worn bible and thumbed through the first few pages. His keen eyes had spotted the writing on the first page.

"It is custom to hand down a bible in a family," said the sheriff. I see a notation that this is a gift to Frank Morton. How did you get it?"

"My name was Frank Morton once. That is until I was twelve years old. My mother remarried. My stepfather was Dave Morgan. He wanted to keep the family name going. He was one swell father to me. So my name was legally changed from Frank Morton to Dave Morgan."

"Then you are my man," said Allan Linkerton softly.

The sheriff's wife had heard the entire conversation. She was puzzled.

"My husband never did anything wrong in his life," she protested.

"Who said he did?" retorted the detective. "His mother's brother died in England and left a fortune. My job was to find the right and legal heir. That I have just done, though a lot of other things happened, too."

'WRONG SIZE, RIGHT CUSTOMER'

THE RED COLLINS GANG WAS KNOWN AND FEARED THROUGHOUT THE WEST-RED, A TWO FISTED GUNMAN, IN- SPIRED FEAR WHEREVER HE WENT! THEN, HE MET JINGLES, AND HEARD MEN LAUGH AT HIM FOR THE FIRST TIME! BUT RED COLLINS DIDN'T LAUGH-- IT'S NO JOKE TO GO TO JAIL THE WAY HE DID!

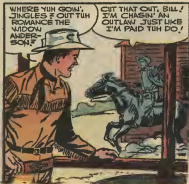
Jingles

AND

Wild Bill Hickok



THE DAY HAD STARTED QUIETLY ENOUGH-- JINGLES HAD NOTHING TO DO SO HE BEGAN LOOKING THROUGH A STACK OF NEWLY ARRIVED 'WANTED' BULLETINS...



SIX-GUN HEROES

JINGLES STAYED ON THE OUTLAW'S TRAIL AND LATER...

THERE'S A BUNCH OF THEM -- AH! THEY ONLY HAVE ONE GUARD OUT! MEBBE I CAN SNEAK AROUND IN BACK!



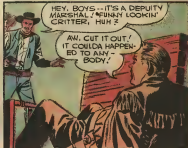
MINUTES LATER...



THIS BANK 'LL BE A CINCH! I'LL COVER THE STREET WHILE YOU GUNS GET THE MONEY! THERE'S A STORE ACROSS THE STREET SELLS LADIES' STUFF-- WE'LL TIE THE HORSES THERE!



JINGLES KNEW THEIR PLANS-- BUT HE HAD TO GET A LOOK AT THEM TO IDENTIFY THEM LATER, SO HE MOVED TOWARD THE HOLE AND SUDDENL...

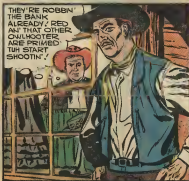


SIX-GUN HEROES

A HALF HOUR PASSED-- JINGLES WAS GETTING WORRIED UNTIL HOOKS, THE GUARD, GOT A LITTLE CARE-LESS AND...



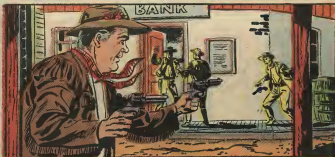
LATER, AFTER A FAST RIDE TO TOWN, JINGLES PULLED UP AT THE REAR DOOR OF THE LADIES' WEAR STORE...



SIX-GUN HEROES



JINGLES HEARD THE FIRST SHOT FIRED ON THE STREET AND HEAD-ED FOR THE DOOR! WILD BILL WAS OUTNUMBERED BUT DOING FINE...



SIX-GUN HEROES

Jingles

AND
**Wild Bill
Hickok**

in 'OWLHOOT
CLAIM'

THE WORTHLESS OLD SHANTY ON THE WORTHLESS CLAIM NEAR THE RIVER WASN'T WORTH A PLUGGED NICKEL -- YET MARSHAL WILD BILL HICKOK AND HIS DEPUTY, JINGLES, FACED BLAZING GUNS AS DESPERATE MEN RISKED THEIR LIVES AND FREEDOM FOR IT.



51457

THE FIGHTING MARSHAL HAD FIRST SEEN THE ABANDONED CLAIM WHEN A FLEEING OUTLAW'S HORSE WENT LAME NEAR BY.



SIX-GUN HEROES



I'M ACOMIN' AT YUH, FABER!



THIS IS EASY! THESE HICK LAWMEN ARE... OOF!



I TELL YU DIDN'T HA THE MONE BOX, ONE OF THE OTHERS GOT IT, GOT ANNA, DIDN'T THEY?

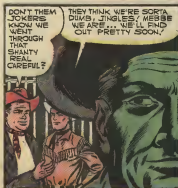
YEP! COME ON, YU'RE GOIN' TO PRISON!

SAM FABER WAS TRIED AND SENTENCED TO PRISON, EVEN AT THE TRIAL, THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE MISSING MONEY WAS NEVER ESTABLISHED...



SAY, MARSHAL, YUH DON'T MND IF I TAKE A LOOK OUT AT THAT SHANTY WHERE FABER WAS CAPTURED, DO YUH?

I DON'T MIND-- BUT I'D ADVISE - YUH TUH SAVE TROUBLE AND DON'T LOOK FOR THE MONEY!



DON'T THEM JOKERS KNOW WE WENT THROUGH THAT SHANTY REAL CAREFUL?

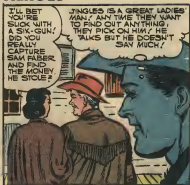
THEY THINK WE'RE SORTA DUMB, JINGLES! MEBBE WE ARE... WE'LL FIND OUT PRETTY SOON!

IT WAS A MONTH LATER WHEN THE CAXTONS HIT TOWN! ED CAXTON SAID HE WAS A FARMER... AND HIS NIECE SAID SHE THOUGHT JINGLES WAS KINDA CUTE...



MY NAME IS CAXTON, ED CAXTON, I'D APPRECIATE IT, SIR, IF YUH'D TELL ME WHERE THE LAND OFFICE IS!

SIX-GUN HEROES



WILD BILL
WATCHED
THE
NEWCOMERS
WITHOUT
SEEMING
TO...AND
HE
WISHED
THEM
LUCK
WHEN
THEY
LEFT
FOR THE
CLAIM
BO
CAXTON
HAD
FILED
ON...



SIX-GUN HEROES



GET 'IM,
PED...
UNGH!

LET GO,
SEÑOR!



WHAT'LL I DO WITH THIS
HAIRPIN, BILL? THROW
'IM IN THE JUG?

NO--WE'LL LET 'EM
BOTH GO, IF
THEY'RE SMART,
THEY'LL RIDE OUT
OF THE COUNTRY,
BUT THEY WON'T!

THE
TAMED
GUN-
SLICKS
RODE OUT
VERY
WEEKLY...
BUT
THERE
WAS
HATRED
FOR
MARSHAL
HICKOK
AND
JINGLES
IN
THEIR
EYES...



WHAT'RE
YOU GRIN-
NIN' ABOUT?

I'M HAPPY THAT THIS
IS ALMOST OVER,
GET YORE HORSE
SADDLED UP!



IT'S ALMOST
LUNCH TIME,
BILL!
COULDN'T
THIS WAIT?

I'LL BUY A
STEAK LATER,
JINGLES, RE-
MEMBER, YOU
RIDE UP FIRST
AND ASK THE
GIRL TO GO FOR
A RIDE!



LATER...

I TOLD MY
UNCLE YOU
CAME TO
SEE ME!
WHERE
ARE WE
GOING?

NOT TOO FAR!
I JUST WANTED
YUH TUH
GET AWAY
FOR A WHILE!



WITH THE GIRL GONE, WILD
BILL MOVED IN FAST, BUT...

ALL RIGHT,
BOYS! DROP
YORE IRONS!
YO'RE
UNDER...

YOU DROP
YOURS,
HICKOK!
I TOLD YUH
NOT TUH
HORN IN!

SIX-GUN HEROES



LASH LARUE

and the MYSTERY of
THE SEVEN
TOTEM POLES

The Indians of the Old West constructed Totem Poles because they believed they would ward off evil spirits! But when renegade Indians go on the warpath, it takes Lash Larue, roving marshal to prevent an uprising!



AT THE TORAGUOG CAMP--

LOOK, CHIEF RUNNING DEER! IT'S LONG SHAN AND HIS RENEGADES! THEY ARE DRESSED FOR BATTLE!

THEY MUST BE AFTER OUR PRICELESS ANCESTRAL RELICS! QUICK, AROUSE THE TRIBE AND TELL THEM TO PREPARE FOR BATTLE!



AS THE BATTLE STARTS--

WHILE WE BATTLE, GETTING SUN, YOU TAKE RELICS TO NEIGHBORING TRIBE AND ASK CHIEF TO HIDE THEM FOR US!

I WILL DO!



SIX-GUN HEROES

BUT A WILD ARROW HITS
SETTING SUN AS HE LEAVES--

OOH! AM IN GREAT PAIN, BUT
MUST GO ON!

ZING!



LATER, AT THE GRACHIAN TRIBE--

OF COURSE NEIGHBORS CAN HIDE
TREASURE HERE, BUT ME PREFER
NOT TO KNOW WHERE, SO IN CASE
MISSING MY TRIBE, NOT BLAMED!
HIDE THEM WHERE YOU WILL,
SETTING SUN!

MUCH THANKS, CHIEF
FLOWING RIVER!

INSIDE ONE OF THOSE
TOTEM POLES SHOULD
BE GOOD HIDING
PLACE!



AFTER SETTING SUN HIDES THE
TORAGUOIS RELICS---

SETTING SUN
WOUNDED!
SHOULD STAY
AND REST!

MY TRIBE IN BATTLE!
MUST GO!



BY THE TIME SETTING SUN RETURNS TO HIS CAMP---

WE HAVE REPULSED
THE RENEGADES!
SEE, REMAINING
FEW FLEE FOR
LIFE!

THEN I WILL GO
BACK TO THE
GRACHIANS AND
GET RELICS!

NO! YOU WOUNDED!
NEED REST AND
CARE! WILL SEND
HOUNDS TOOTH!



WE HIDE RELICS
IN ONE OF THE
SEVEN GRACHIAN
TOTEM POLES,
BUT IN EXCITEMENT,
STUPIDLY FORGOT
WHICH ONE!

WILL SEND
NOTE TO CHIEF
FLOWING RIVER
TO LET
HOUNDS
TOOTH SEARCH
FOR THEM!



MEANWHILE, A SHORT DIS-
TANCE AWAY THE REMAINING
RENEGADES GATHER--

CHIEF RUNNING
DEER THINK HE
HAS DEFEATED
US, BUT AS LONG
AS I, LONG SWAN,
LIVE, WE RENE-
GADES NOT
DEFEATED!

BUT ONLY
WE THREE
LEFT! NO
CAN DO
ANYTHING
WITH SUCH
A SMALL
BAND!

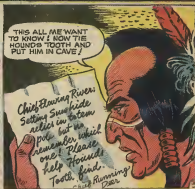


UNDER MY LEADERSHIP CAN DO
ANYTHING! WE STILL GET
TORAGUOIS RELICS! DURING
BATTLE WE SEARCH
FOR THEM AND
KNOW FOR SURE
NOT IN CAMP!

CHIEF
RUNNING DEER
SMART! HE
MUST HAVE SENT
RELICS AWAY
WHEN SEE US
COMING!



SIX-GUN HEROES



SIX-GUN HEROES

UNNOTICED, HOUNDS TOOTH KEEPS HIS MUSCLES EXPANDED AS HE IS TIED; WHEN HE IS LEFT ALONE IN THE CAVE HE CONTRACTS HIS MUSCLES AND THE ROPES HAVE A LITTLE PLAY IN THEM---ENOUGH TO WORK THEM FREE! HOUNDS TOOTH ESCAPES-- LUCKILY HE MEETS THE ROVING MARSHAL LASH LARUE...



YOU GO BACK HOME TO THE TORAQOIS CAMP, HOUNDS TOOTH! I KNOW A SHORT CUT TO THE ORACHIAN VILLAGE MAYBE I CAN REACH THERE BEFORE LONG SWAN AND HIS RENEGADES DO!

WATER, OUTSIDE THE ORACHIAN VILLAGE ---

EVEN WITH NOTE, NO SEE HOW CAN GET RELICS! CHIEF FLOWING RIVER KNOW WE RENEGADES AND HE AND TRIBE NOT LET US SEARCH TOTEM POLES!

IF CAPTURE CHIEF EVERYTHING WORK OUT MY WAY!



AS LASH MAKES HIS WAY BACK TO THE VILLAGE---



WAIT A SECOND! SOMETHING'S ODD HERE! I THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING THERE!

LASH! ME FOLLOW YOU! LONG SWAN TAKE ME PRISONER AGAIN! HIM THINK ME ALONE, HIM TAKE CHIEF PRISONER! HE SAY CHIEF WELL GUARDED--ALL TRIBE MUST LEAVE CAMP TILL SUN IS DOWN!

DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO GO HOME, HOUNDS TOOTH? SAYS HE'S GOT THE CHIEF, EH? QUICK HOW MANY RENEGADES ATTACKED YOU WHEN THEY FIRST STOLE THE NOTE?



IF THERE WERE ONLY THREE RENEGADES, THEN THEY WERE DYING WHEN THEY SAID THEY LEFT AN ACCOMPICE TO GUARD THE CHIEF! NOW TELL ME, DID GETTING GUN MENTION HOW MANY TOTEM POLES THERE WERE WHEN HE HID THE RELICS?



LONG SWAN AND TWO OTHERS!

YES! HE SAID THERE WERE SEVEN! WHY DO YOU ASK, LASH?

BECAUSE I THINK I KNOW WHERE THE CHIEF IS HIDDEN. IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF MINUTES BEFORE THEY'LL START SEARCHING FOR THE RELICS, SO I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST!



SIX-GUN HEROES

**BASH RACES TO THE
TOTEM POLES AND---**

THESE ARE SOLID, TOO!
MAYBE I WAS WRONG!



NO, I WASN'T! THIS ONE
IS HOLLOW!



JUST AS I SUSPECTED, WHEN I
COUNTED EIGHT INSTEAD OF SEVEN
TOTEM POLES! HERE'S CHIEF
FLOWING RIVER!



**NOT THAT
MOMENT--**

BUT MAYBE I FOUND HIM TOO LATE!
HERE COME THE RENEGADES TO
LOOK FOR THE RELICS!



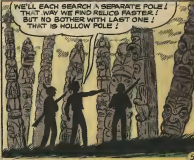
IF I TRIED TO CARRY HIM OFF, HIS
WEIGHT WOULD GLOW ME DOWN AND
WE'D MAKE A PERFECT TARGET!
SO---



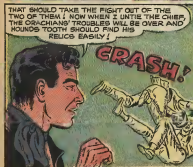
I'M GOING TO HAVE TO
CLIMB IN TOO! IT'S
GOING TO BE A
TIGHT SQUEEZE
BUT WE'LL HAVE
TO MAKE IT!



WE'LL EACH SEARCH A SEPARATE POLE!
THAT WAY WE FIND RELICS FASTER!
BUT NO BOTHER WITH LAST ONE!
THAT IS HOLLOW POLE!



SIX-GUN HEROES



END

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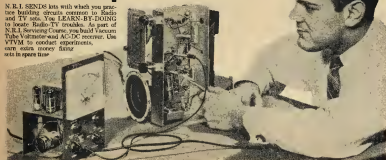
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